

found time for, will find several attractive titles in the Granville Y. M. C. A. bookcase. The Public Library on George St. opens up to him, of course, current periodical literature, while at Blinko's Library on Queen St. a great range of novels is available for loan at 2d. a volume (2s. deposit, refunded on disconnection).

Many an interesting afternoon may be spent knocking around the harbour, examining the famous Ramsgate smacks, the patrol boats, submarine chasers, and other craft. An obliging bluejacket will usually undertake to get you permission to go aboard one of H. M. torpedo boats, and inspect its truly wonderful mechanism of destruction. The sailormen and smackboys around the piers have many an illuminating coast yarn to tell; while some fascinating moments can be spent searching the Goodwin wrecks and the shipping out in the Narrows through the big telescope on the West Cliff.

After all, though, however a blue armleteer may chose to put in his time, it is doubtful if any hours can be spent to more advantage than those given just to reading and discussing the daily news, and to letter writing. With such tremendous events happening daily, every morning's paper is a vital historical record, and a fellow needs to read its volumes pretty thoroughly, merely to keep abreast of the race of mighty events. Again, now that there's neither necessity nor excuse to employ field service post-cards, every hour of convalescent leisure shared through the letter medium with the folks left behind at home, and the comrades left behind at the front, wins an appreciation that rarely fails to find its way back.

And then, of course, as a last resort, there is always the Hospital News Weekly War Puzzle.

A Year.

We met in April hours,
'Neath sun and haze
Of swift-spent showers,
In April days.

We loved, when June-tide glints
With rainbow maze
Of glowing tints,
The Summer days.

We wed at Autumn's feet,
Where poppies blaze
Amid the wheat,
In Autumn days.

* * *

He sleeps 'neath God's fair sky
In death-strown ways;
My heart... but aye,—
'Tis Winter days! D. L. W.